

He marke no words that smooth fac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:

Then if I haue much loue, He giue you some.

Dum. He serue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not, leaſt ye be forſworne agen.

Lon. What ſaies *Maria*?

Mari. At the twelue months end,

He change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. He ſtay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,

Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:

What humble ſuite attends thy anſwer there,

Impoſe ſome ſeruiſe on me for my loue.

Reſ. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,

Before I ſaw you: and the worlds large tongue

Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,

Full of comparifons, and wounding floutes:

Which you on all eſtates will execute,

That lie within the mercie of your wit,

To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,

And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,

Without the which I am not to be won:

You ſhall this twelue month terme from day to day,

Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſtill conuerſe

With groaning wretches: and your taſke ſhall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,

To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?

It cannot be, it is impoſſible.

Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agonie.

Reſ. Why that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,

Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,

Which ſhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:

A ieſts proſperitie, lies in the care

Of him that heares it: neuer in the tongue

Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly eares,

Deaf with the clamors of their owne deare grones,

Will heare your idle ſcoornes; continue then,

And I will haue you, and that fault withall.

But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,

And I ſhal finde you emptie of that fault,

Right ioyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A twelue month? Well: befall what will befall,

He ieſt a twelue month in an Hoſpittall.

Qu. I ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our woiſe doth not end like an old Play:

Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies courteſie

Might wel haue made our ſport a Comedie.

King. Come ſir, it wants a twelue month and a day,

And then 'twill end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſty vouchſafe me.

Qu. Was not that Heſtor?

Dum. The worthis Knight of Troy.

Brag. I wil kiſſe thy royal finger, and take leaue.

I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to holde the

Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praife of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,

The other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,

And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:

And Ladie-smockes all ſiluer white,

Do paint the Medowes with delight.

The Cuckow then on euerie tree,

Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,

Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,

Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,

And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:

When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,

And Maidens bleach their ſummer ſmockes:

The Cuckow then on euerie tree

Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,

Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,

Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the wall,

And Dicke the Sphepherd blowes his naile;

And Tom beares Logges into the hall,

And Milke comes frozen home in pail:

When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,

Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle

Tu-whit to-who.

A merrie note,

While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,

And coſſing drownes the Parſons ſaw:

And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,

And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:

When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,

Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,

Tu-whit to-who:

A merrie note,

While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,

Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:

You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A MIDSOMMERE Nights Dreame

Actus primus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, with others.

Theſeus.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre

Drawes on apace: ſoure happy daies bring in

Another Moon: but oh, me thinks, how ſlow

This old Moon wanes; She lingers my deſires

Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,

Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.

Hip. Four daies wil quickly ſteep theſe felues in nights

Four nights wil quickly dreame away the time:

And then the Moone, like to a ſiluer bow,

Now bent in heauen, ſhal behold the night

Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go *Philoftrate*,

Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,

Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth,

Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:

The pale companion is not for our pompe,

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,

And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyſander,

and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

Againſt my childe, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,

This man hath my conſent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lyſander.

And my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewitch'd the boſome of my childe:

Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt giuen her rimmes,

And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:

Thou haſt by Moone-light at her window ſung,

With ſaining voice, verſes of ſaining loue,

And ſolne the impreſſion of her fantaſie,

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,

Knackes, trifles, Noſe-gaies, ſweet meates (meſſengers

Of ſtrong preuailment in vnhardned youth)

With cunning haſt thou

Turn'd her obedience

To ſubborne harſhneſſe:

Be it ſo ſhe will not hee

Conſent to marrie with

I beg the ancient priuilege

As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe

Which ſhall be either

Or to her death, according

Immediately provided

The. What ſay you

To you your Father ſhall

One that compos'd you

To whom you are but

By him imprinte: and

To leaue the figure, or

Demetrius is a worthy

Her. So is *Lyſander*

The. In himſelfe he

But in this kinde, war

The other muſt be hel

Her. I would my father

The. Rather your ei

Her. I do entreat y

I know not by what p

Nor how it may conce

In ſuch a preſence hee

But I beſeech your Gr

The worſt that may be

If I reſuſe to wed *Dem*

The. Either to dye

For euer the ſociety of

Therefore faire *Hermi*

Know of your youth,

Whether (if you yeel

You can endure the li

For aye to be in ſhady

To liue a barren ſiſter

Chanting faint hymns to

Thrice bleſſed they th

To vndergo ſuch mai

But earthier happie is

Then that which with

Growes, liues, and die